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PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

DARTMOUTH

WEBSTER CENTENNIAL DINNER,

AT THE REVERE HOUSE, BOSTON,

JANUARY 25, 1882.

BOSTON:
LITTLE, BROWN, & COMPANY.

1882.

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David Weller

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THE
WEBSTER CENTENNIAL DINNER.

INTRODUCTION.

THE members of the Dartmouth College Alumni Association in Boston and vicinity, desirous of doing honor to the memory of DANIEL WEBSTER, the most illustrious name on their catalogue, at the centennial of his birth; and mindful of the great service he rendered the College in saving it from destruction from adverse legislation, by an argument before the Supreme Court at Washington, of which Judge Story said, "The first hour we listened with perfect astonishment, the second with perfect delight, and the third with perfect conviction;" and disbelieving the charges against his character, made immediately after the 7th of March in 1850, as also more recently,—thought it wise, before it should be too late, to put on record the testimony of men of the highest probity and honor, who were intimately acquainted with Mr. Webster for many years, both in his public and private life, and knew all about his habits and manner of living, to refute those charges. His great ability as a statesman and his services to his country are known and read of all men.

Had he disregarded his "great maxims of empire," and turned the "autumnal wisdom of his ripening years," his weighty words, and all his powers of eloquence to the subversion of the Constitution which he might be said almost to have formed, and which he had done so much to expound and apply, and to the destruction of the Union based upon it, which he had done so much to cement and strengthen for the

irrepressible conflict, by counselling resistance to an important provision of the former concerning the return of fugitive slaves, — well might the people have cried out, “Treachery and bribery for office !” But when, true to his convictions and to his illustrious history, he displayed the moral courage to stand up against the extreme, abstract sentiment of a portion of the North, against the threats of disunion in the South, and called on his countrymen to hear him for his cause, offering himself a sacrifice for the safety of the Constitution and the Union he loved so well, — to charge him with perfidy and bribery for the sake of the hope of being President, is not only the height of ingratitude, but it is baseless and unreasonable.

Mr. Webster feared the result of the impending conflict, which he foresaw not far off, to which he referred in his 7th of March speech, and which was upon us in a little more than ten years afterwards, with its sacrifice of a million of lives—the flower of American manhood—and treasures untold; and he hoped and trusted that in the providence of God the land would be freed from the curse of slavery by other means and at far less sacrifice. But he and the fathers had builded stronger than they knew. Their bulwarks of freedom supported and encouraged the Union army in its marches through the Southwest and on to the sea, and through the wilderness to Appomattox.

Henry Wilson, one of the foremost Antislavery men of his time, a wise and honest politician, who knew Mr. Webster well, a few months before his untimely death re-read the 7th of March speech, and among his last utterances was this: “I would not alter one word in that great speech.”

JOHN H. BUTLER,
CHARLES O. THOMPSON,
JOSEPH H. TYLER,
A. B. COFFIN,
GEORGE W. ESTABROOK,
LEWIS G. FARMER,
} *Executive Committee.*

M. W. HAZEN, *Secretary.*

REPORT OF THE BUSINESS MEETING.

ON the 25th of January, 1882, the Association of the Alumni of Dartmouth College in Boston and its vicinity held, at the Revere House, its seventeenth annual reunion and dinner, which took the form of a celebration of the centennial of the birth of DANIEL WEBSTER.

The following named gentlemen were present:—

Hon. Charles H. Bell, Governor of New Hampshire, who presided at the tables.
Hon. Marshall P. Wilder.
Hon. Walbridge A. Field, of the Supreme Judicial Court.
Rev. S. K. Lothrop, D.D.
Hon. Stephen M. Allen.
Hon. E. S. Tobey.
Rev. William Burnet Wright.
Josiah H. Benton, Jr., Esq.
Mr. John D. Philbrick.
Hon. C. Q. Tirrell, of Natick.
Hon. George W. Morse, of Newton.
Melvin O. Adams, Esq.
E. B. Hale, Esq.
Hon. A. B. Coffin.
W. E. Jewell, Esq.
Charles F. Kittridge, Esq.
General Henry K. Oliver.
George William Estabrook, Esq.
John L. Hayes, Esq.
Mr. Nathan F. Safford.
Hon. Thomas L. Wakefield.
Professor Ruggles.
S. H. Goodall, Esq.
Mr. Alphonso J. Robinson.
Horatio G. Parker, Esq.
Hon. Henry W. Fuller.
Hon. F. W. Lincoln.

Hon. Albert Palmer.
Mr. George A. Marden.
Rev. Daniel L. Furbur.
Judge Mellen Chamberlain.
Hon. John H. George.
J. W. Rollins, Esq.
Rev. Dr. J. W. Wellman.
T. S. Dame, Esq.
John F. Colby, Esq.
L. S. Fairbanks, Esq.
N. W. Ladd, Esq.
Dr. John A. Lamson.
John H. Hardy, Esq.
Dr. John A. Follett.
James B. Richardson, Esq.
M. W. Tewksbury, Esq.
M. W. Hazen, Esq.
Rev. C. P. F. Bancroft.
Solon Bancroft, Esq.
S. N. Crosby, Esq.
Henry Wardwell, Esq.
J. H. Tyler, Esq.
D. H. Brown, Esq.
E. H. Davis, Esq.
J. W. Allard, Esq.
Judge John S. Ladd.
A. R. Brown, Esq.
F. W. Choate, Esq.
N. C. Berry, Esq.
B. Wood, Esq.

Caleb Emery, Esq.	Prof. C. O. Thompson.
Rev. H. Allen Hazen.	S. K. Hamilton, Esq.
G. B. Balch, Esq.	S. L. Powers, Esq.
J. L. Hildreth, Esq.	I. S. Morse, Esq.
Calvin Cutler, Esq.	E. A. Upton, Esq.
Rev. E. E. Strong.	Dr. O. G. Cilley.
Hiram Orcutt, Esq.	Dr. J. F. Jarvis.
Prof. C. F. Emerson.	Charles F. Kimball, Esq.
C. E. Dearborn, Esq.	E. C. Carrigan, Esq.
Baxter P. Smith, Esq.	J. G. Edgerly, Esq.
G. H. Holman, Esq.	C. W. Thompson, Esq.
H. H. Kimball, Esq.	J. H. Clark, Esq.
F. E. Oliver, Esq.	Rev. J. B. Clark.
Lewis Parkhurst, Esq.	J. T. Gibson, Esq.
Ira Russell, Esq.	H. L. Parker, Esq.
L. E. Shepard, Esq.	William B. Stevens, Esq.
W. T. Stevens, Esq.	D. Foster, Esq.
George H. Stevens, Esq.	J. A. Staples, Esq.
Hon. William H. Haile.	C. P. Chase, Esq.
J. O. Norris, Esq.	F. Chase, Esq.
H. Hume, Esq.	L. Cutler, Esq.
S. S. White, Esq.	J. H. Butler, Esq.
Dr. C. P. Scales.	

Because of the death of the late John P. Healy, who was President of the Alumni Association, Mr. George W. Morse presided at the business meeting of the Association, at which these officers were chosen : —

President:

WALBRIDGE A. FIELD.

Vice-Presidents:

Judge CALEB BLODGETT, of Boston; Rev. WILLIAM BURNET WRIGHT, of Boston; Rev. C. P. F. BANCROFT, of Andover; WILLIAM H. HAILE, of Springfield.

Executive Committee for three years:

GEORGE W. MORSE, of Newton; JOSEPH G. EDGERLY, of Fitchburg.

Secretary: ALFRED S. HALL, of Winchester.

Treasurer: C. Q. TIRRELL, of Natick.

A proposition to invite ladies to attend the next annual reunion was referred to the Executive Committee, with full powers.

WEBSTER CENTENNIAL DINNER.

SPEECH OF GOVERNOR BELL.

BRETHREN OF THE ALUMNI OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE:—

IN the name and behalf of the Boston Association, I bid you a hearty welcome here to-night. Another year has rolled over our heads since our last meeting, carrying us all one remove further along the journey of life, and making a sad inroad upon our numbers. Two of the most prominent members of the Association have been stricken down, within a few months, in the midst of their labors.

The first was Hon. HARVEY JEWELL, a classmate of my own. I remember him well at Hanover; his fine person, his cordial manners, the ease—the enviable ease—with which he mastered the college exercises. In every department of scholarship he excelled: naturally we predicted for him a distinguished future. And we were not disappointed. He was a lawyer of high standing; he was honored with official positions of grave importance and responsibility, political and professional; as a citizen he ranked among the foremost in the esteem and respect of the community. In this assembly his pleasant smile and genial presence will be sadly missed;

for he was loyal to the College, and his counsel and sympathy and material aid were always at its service.

Hardly had we recovered from the shock of Mr. Jewell's death, when we were called on to mourn the loss of the President of this Association, Hon. JOHN P. HEALY. Mr. Healy, like Mr. Jewell, was a native of New Hampshire, who had come to this city to practise the honorable profession of the law; and honorably he practised it. He possessed ample professional learning, ability, industry, and unfailing integrity. He surrounded himself with a clientage of the best character, and for many years was the counsel of the city authorities of Boston, commanding the entire confidence of all parties.

Mr. Healy never lost his interest in the College, nor in all those connected with it; and it is but a short time since I heard him warmly and earnestly vindicate this Association against some disparaging criticism upon its conduct, made under a misapprehension of facts.

It is a coincidence worthy of remark, that Mr. Healy was for several of his earlier years the law-partner of DANIEL WEBSTER, the centenary of whose birth it is one of the objects of our meeting to commemorate.

What shall I say to you of Daniel Webster, especially in the presence of these gentlemen who were his contemporaries and associates, whose hearts are brimming over with tender memories of him, and who will do all that friendship combined with eloquence can, to reproduce him, as he was, before you here to-night? A simple statement of what he did for the College, and what the College did for him, is all that I shall undertake.

Young Webster came to Hanover after about fifteen months of preparatory study. Nine of those months he had passed at Exeter, in pursuing the English branches in which he was deficient, and the Latin. The study of Greek he began afterward, and pursued it under the tuition of an errant college student, I believe, for the term of just six weeks before he presented himself for admission. It is a remarkable circumstance that up to this time he had never had sufficient self-confidence to declaim in public. He on whose lips listening senates were to hang expectant, and who was to give the world, in his own person, a new and higher ideal of oratory, had never yet summoned the courage to recite the most familiar paragraph, before even the friendly audience of his own schoolmates.

But his college companions bear ample testimony to the prodigious strides with which he pursued the paths of learning during his collegiate course. He speedily repaired all the deficiencies of preparation, and made himself one of the foremost scholars of his year. Besides the performance of his college work, he broke the spell of silence and became a fluent and ready debater; he read the best of the English classics; he edited a weekly newspaper; and he prepared and delivered two orations, the one at the instance of his classmates upon the death of one of their number, and the other upon the invitation of the citizens of Hanover, on the anniversary of our National Independence.

Where will you find another like instance of intellectual expansion and cultivation, in the annals of this or any other college?

Half a generation after his graduation, Mr. Webster

enjoyed the satisfaction of nobly repaying the obligation that he owed to the College. The Legislature of New Hampshire had unwisely assumed to make a radical change in the charter of the College, against the will of the Trustees, the effect of which might have been to render the institution the mere football of party. The Trustees naturally appealed to the courts of law for the protection of their rights; and the cause was transferred to the highest tribunal in the land for final adjudication.

Mr. Webster there appeared in behalf of the College. In a masterly argument he carried the Court triumphantly with him, new and difficult as was the question involved; and the cause was won. His speech on that occasion is preserved in his collected works. As it appears in print, it is a clear, compact piece of legal logic, as impossible to escape from as from the grip of a vise. But as it was spoken, it was much more. Those who listened to it tell us that some of its most effective passages were addressed to the feelings; and that when he referred to his own connection with the College, the debt of gratitude he owed to it, and the affection that he bore it, every heart in the assembly was deeply moved, and stern men were melted to tears. These touches transcended the reporter's art. They were like the wild bursts of harmony from the *Æolian* harp, that take the soul captive by their sweetness, but, when past, are impossible to be recorded or recalled. We honor to-day the memory of not only the most illustrious graduate, but the savior, of the College, which, but for his commanding eloquence, might have been for all time the pitiable object of continual, experimental legislation.

Brethren, I shall detain you with but a single further suggestion. I trust that this memorial meeting is but the precursor of a grand WEBSTER COMMEMORATION to be held at old Dartmouth in the week of the next Commencement, at which shall appear the foremost men of the land, emulous to do honor to the peerless Orator and Statesman, whose proudest title was that of Defender of the Constitution. It should be an occasion worthy alike of the College and of the greatest on the roll of its Alumni; an occasion long to be remembered with pride and exultation by every friend of the institution; an occasion which shall give the community fresh assurance and fuller appreciation of the priceless benefits which our *Alma Mater* has conferred upon our country and upon mankind.

Gentlemen, Samuel Kirkland, the successful Missionary to the Indians, was once a member of the family of Eleazar Wheelock, the first President of Dartmouth College, and married the President's niece. Their grandson is sitting at my side, the Rev. SAMUEL KIRKLAND LOTHROP.

SPEECH OF THE REV. S. K. LOTHROP, D.D.

I THANK you, Mr. President, for the very kind manner in which you have been pleased to allude to me, and I thank the Committee for the honor of being present here this evening. I had a similar honor several years ago. Because of the connection of my ancestors with it, I have always had a deep interest in Dartmouth College. The earliest thing I can remember about it is that splendid speech to which you have referred. I am glad

to be here to-night. I am glad because I was personally acquainted with both of the gentlemen, members of this Association, to whose deaths you have already referred. Mr. Jewell I knew personally, though not intimately. Mr. Healy I knew from the time he entered Daniel Webster's office, then just above the old parsonage-house in Court Street, and became a worshipper in Brattle-Square Church. From that hour to the hour of his death he was a fast and faithful friend of mine, whose memory I hold in highest honor, as one who was thoroughly honest to the very core of his heart.

But, sir, I am doubly glad to be here to-night because of the peculiar character of this meeting. As you have announced, it is a commemoration of the centennial birthday of Daniel Webster, greatest among the alumni of Dartmouth, and without peer, certainly without superior, among the alumni of any other college in the country. Some fifty years ago, I said to a friend who asked me to describe Niagara Falls, which I had just visited, "I cannot. I should as soon undertake to make Niagara as to describe it." I have this feeling very strong in regard to Mr. Webster, who looms up before me so gigantic in all his proportions, that I should as soon undertake to make him as fully to describe and analyze him; and were I to attempt it, I could add nothing to those grand eulogies and descriptions of him, to which some of us listened recently at the commemorative meeting held by the Marshfield Club.

All I shall attempt, therefore, will be to give a few personal reminiscences of Mr. Webster, which may tend to bring him before many in this assembly in a light in which they may not have been accustomed to regard

him. I perfectly well remember the first time my eyes rested upon his grand face and form. It seems but yesterday, but it was more than sixty years ago. In the autumn of 1818 or 1819, living with my uncle, Dr. Kirkland, at Cambridge, and preparing for college, I was told to call for him at a house in Somerset Street, Boston, one evening at eight o'clock. I did so. We were very primitive then. Lights constantly burning in the hall or entry during the evening were not common; and the servant who answered my summons took away the lamp that he had brought with him. Presently, as I waited in the dark, I saw a gentleman coming downstairs. It was my uncle, and immediately behind him was another gentleman holding up a lamp to lighten the way; and as he descended, I saw the most magnificent yet terrible face, it seemed to me, that I ever looked upon. I wondered if my uncle would ever get down safe,—what that terrible man back of him intended to do. I felt alarmed; but when at the bottom of the stairs my uncle turned and bade him good-night, the gentleman's face beamed with a smile so perfectly benevolent, courteous, and kindly that I was entirely relieved; and, as I heard his "good-night," I felt that a man with such a voice and such a smile could have nothing but what was grand and gracious in his soul.

From 1821 to 1827-28, I was thrown a good deal into communication with Mr. Webster, because the daughters of Dr. Buckminster were living with my uncle at Cambridge, and Mr. Webster was very intimate with them. I had an impression then that he was the greatest and most extraordinary man I had ever met. From the beginning of his residence in Boston, Mr.

Webster was a worshipper and communicant at the Brattle-Square Church; and, when called to that church in 1834, I became his pastor, retaining that relation so long as he continued to be domiciled in Boston. I had, therefore, various opportunities of meeting him in the most intimate private and social relations. One of the most extraordinary things about him was that he would, in the midst of a conversation, utter a short, terse, epigrammatic sentence that contained the whole thing,—everything that could be said upon the subject, made perfectly distinct to all who heard him. At a reception given to Mr. Webster by the Legislature of Massachusetts, Mr. Horace Mann was making a very eloquent speech, the point of which was that persons who had held offices and honors would soon be forgotten, because they had rendered no important services to the country. I called Mr. Webster's attention to the point Mr. Mann was making, with eloquent rhetoric. "Oh, yes," he replied, "what a man does for others, not what they do for him, gives him immortality." I have forgotten Mr. Mann's eloquent speech, but the short epigrammatic form in which Mr. Webster put it abides with me to this hour, and has not been, I trust, without its influence; and when he turned and looked at me as he uttered it, his face wore, as it were, a sadness, a foreboding of his own fate,—that, after rendering the most brilliant and important services to his country, he should not attain to its highest offices or honors.

Another remarkable quality in Mr. Webster was his power of absorbing a book or a subject; so that in conversation he seemed to have a very full knowledge of everything that he talked about. Some forty years ago

or more I had occasion, or thought I had, to preach a sermon in which I took the ground that the man who did not believe in the New Testament as the foundation of his Christian faith had no claim to the Christian name. Mr. Webster, always an attentive listener, stopped till I came down from the pulpit, and then said, "I thank you, sir; that sermon must be published." It was published, but that is of no moment. The point I wish to make is this. A few evenings after that Sunday I met Mr. Webster in company, and when I said something, or asked some question on some political matters, he replied: "I don't want to talk on political subjects with you; let us sit down here on this sofa," which we did. He then alluded to my sermon on Sunday, and to the Gospel of Luke from which my text was taken; and then entered into quite a discussion or criticism on Luke's Gospel, showing himself to be familiar with very many of the questions that have been raised about it, and that he had "absorbed" the general theory of Schleiermacher's essay on Luke's Gospel, which had been translated and published in London some fifteen years before this.

I remember another illustration of this character of his mind, which occurred at Marshfield. Once when I was visiting there, and read aloud some brief newspaper article about the Boston schools, Mr. Webster asked me some questions about my experience as a member of the School Committee, and then began to talk generally upon the subject of popular education in this country through our common schools and colleges, etc.; and in the course of half an hour he uttered more practical wisdom, and indicated a grander, broader view, comprehensive of the whole subject, than I had ever heard before from

any one man. I verily believe that, had some stranger been present who had never heard of Mr. Webster before, and knew nothing of him but what he might gather from this talk, he would have said to himself: "Here is a man who has practically devoted all his thought and energy to this great subject of education. How thoroughly he comprehends it! What a grand teacher he must be!" It seemed thus with every subject upon which he talked; his mind appeared to have absorbed, to have comprehended, the whole of it.

But I have already occupied too much time. What I wish to say in concluding is, that Mr. Webster's moral and religious nature was on the same grand scale with his intellectual. From the remembrance of many things that made this impression upon me, I can notice but one or two. At the time of the breaking out of the Mexican war, having lost a brother in 1844 who was a captain in the Texan navy, I had occasion to go to Washington to see General Houston, and sought the kind offices of Mr. Webster to introduce me to the Texan Senator, which he did, in the Senate chamber before the session opened; and afterwards, at the invitation of Mr. Webster, I remained in the Senate during that day's session, and walked home with him to a quiet family dinner. After talking over the debate in the Senate, which had been remarkable for the number and prominence of Senators who had taken part in it, each with very short but characteristic speeches, I made some remark and criticism upon the prayer offered in the Senate that morning. Concurring in this criticism, Mr. Webster immediately began to speak of the want of reverence, in spirit, manner, and phraseology, which he often observed in clergy-

men's prayers, and then enlarged upon the whole subject of prayer,—its foundation in instinct and reason, its efficacy and influence, and the necessity and importance of a due preparation, that its public performance might elevate and fill the mind with faith and trust. It seemed to be, and I have never doubted that it was, a hearty, spontaneous utterance ; but it was also a brief essay upon prayer, that any professor at any theological school might have been proud to deliver to his pupils.

I have been accustomed to regard one of Mr. Webster's efforts,— his speech in the Girard will case, now comparatively little known or read,— as one of his very grandest arguments, showing conclusively the familiarity of his mind with moral and religious themes, and their intimate relation to the best interests of the community. None but a man whose moral and religious nature had been cultivated, and rested upon the foundation of an enlightened, earnest Christian faith, could have prepared that speech, or shown that an educational institution which severed religion from morality, and threw contempt and discredit upon the former and its ministers, was really a nuisance and not a charity.

Mr. Webster was, I think, one of the most impressible men religiously I have ever known, and I always found that an earnest and devout sermon moved him more, and more quickly, than it did other men in the congregation. At the communion service he was always interested, and gave unmistakable signs of deep emotion. I officiated at the funeral of his son, Major Edward Webster, whose remains were brought home from Mexico and buried from the house of Mr. James W. Paige, the day after his daughter, Mrs. S. A. Appleton, had been buried from Trinity

Church. Towards evening, the day after Major Webster's funeral, I called on Mr. Webster at Mr. Paige's house. He came down into the room, where the twilight and firelight were struggling for the mastery, and after a brief greeting we sat down in silence, looking at each other and the fire alternately, I feeling that I could say nothing for the relief or comfort of such a man at such a time. I know not how long the silence lasted,—not very long I suppose,—but it seemed to me interminable. At length, raising his hand and pushing back his hair, with a sort of groan or sigh, turning upon me his mighty countenance, he said: "I feel in this hour, Mr. Lothrop, that all that gives glory to man is contained in the religion of Jesus Christ of Nazareth; and I could wish, if it were not presumptuous, that on my tombstone at Marshfield, where I hope to be buried, after the simple statement of the day of my birth and that of my death, the only thing else to be added should be, 'He was a believer in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ,'—the greatest thing that can be said of any man." He then spoke of the great help and strength and comfort which Christianity gave to the soul under all the vicissitudes of life. I believe that he felt at that hour to his very heart's core all that he uttered. He was instinctively and naturally a religious man; the sentiment of religious faith, of religious reverence, of religious emotion, was strong within him; and, like all men of genius, like all the greatest, noblest men of all time of whom we have any knowledge, he was too great a man, had too large and strong a mind, to be a sceptic or an infidel. He believed; and his belief had a mighty power in directing his life and character, and efforts and labors,



and was the inspiration of the noblest of his noble deeds. Shall we malign him if he sometimes failed? Shall we malign him because he did not always keep up to his deepest emotions, his highest convictions, his profoundest faith? Do we, any of us, do that? I say not that he never erred or sinned, or that he was free from the faults and frailties of humanity; but I say that there was an intellectual and moral grandeur about him that commanded my highest reverence and affection. And if any are disposed to stone him, I say, "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone." The life and character and services of Daniel Webster will live and grow grander and nobler as time moves on.

We have with us one of the oldest, most intimate, and distinguished of the living friends of Mr. Webster; one on whom our College has bestowed an honorary degree,—the Hon. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

SPEECH OF HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER, PH.D.

THANKS, Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Alumni, for your cordial greeting. I am most happy to be here once more, and to meet so many old friends with whom I have been acquainted for a long course of years. Especially happy am I to see my old friend Governor Bell, who presides so ably over my native State; for whether in the Councils of New Hampshire, or at our head this evening, he belongs to that class of *bells* that give no uncertain sound, but whose intonations are always pleasant to our ears. I had hoped also to meet

Dr. Bartlett, the President of our College, to whom I desired to tender my personal thanks for the fidelity with which he has discharged the duties of his office, especially for his very successful efforts in soliciting funds for that institution.

Mr. President, I feel a lively interest in everything that pertains to the prosperity and welfare of Old Dartmouth; and I pray that she may go on prospering and to prosper, and continue to be, as she has ever been, a credit to herself, an honor to the State, and a blessing to mankind.

Dartmouth College has raised great men,—her Webster and Woodbury, her Choate and Chase, her Fletcher, Parker, Perley, and other illustrious sons, who have been blessings in their day to the world. But had she done nothing more than to produce a Daniel Webster, she would have been immortalized in the annals of history; for his is a name which shall forever illumine its pages with electric light, while liberty, law, and justice shall have a place in the heart of mankind. When I reflect upon what Old Dartmouth has done, what New Hampshire has done, in a word, what New England has done for the cause of freedom, education, civil polity, and whatever pertains to the elevation and happiness of mankind,—I thank the Giver of all good, that he permitted me to be born and reared under the influence of her blessed institutions; here to live, and here at last, as I hope, to be buried in the bosom of a soil consecrated to freedom and the rights of man.

Mr. President, I rejoice in the fact that this occasion is to be devoted to the commemoration of the birth of one of the mightiest intellects, one of the most illus-

trious men, the world has ever known. As statesman, orator, and jurist, he had no superior in this or other lands. As the champion of the American Union, and the Expounder and Defender of the Constitution, he stood like the loftiest summit of his granite hills, towering towards heaven, high above all around him. To him is our nation more indebted than to any other man for the advocacy of those great principles which have made our government what it is, and which — as Governor Long well said the other evening — have become household words in the education of our children.

I count it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have been numbered among the friends of Mr. Webster. I knew him well both in public and private life, from the day when he first spoke on Bunker's Heights to the day of his death; and I am devoutly thankful that I am able to be here to-night and participate with you in paying honors to the memory of that immortal man. As I said before the Marshfield Club last week, I will ever say, New England has had no such other son, America no more illustrious citizen. But, gentlemen, much admired and almost adored as Mr. Webster was by some, no man was ever more misunderstood and misrepresented, in regard to his 7th of March speech in 1850. But history is a great correcter of human affairs, and will set this right at last; and there are very few now living who do not see in that memorable document the same unswerving patriotism, loyalty, and integrity which were the controlling principles of his life. This speech was delivered in a time of great political excitement, and was not fully understood even by some of Mr. Webster's best friends. Of this fact I

may say I was painfully cognizant ; and I may say to you what is not generally known, that resolutions censuring Mr. Webster were presented in the Massachusetts Senate, of which I was then president, but thanks to a merciful Providence these were afterwards withdrawn, and thus the foul stain which would have disgraced the record of that senate was forever buried in the oblivion of the past. The criticisms on this speech were severe, unjust, and many of them malignant. But time will set this right ; and even now public sentiment generally, I believe, pronounces it to be one of the most self-sacrificing and patriotic speeches of Mr. Webster's life. In fact, Mr. Webster, on being asked which of his speeches he considered his greatest, answered : " I suppose the world will say my reply to Mr. Hayne ; but for myself, I should say my 7th of March speech." And, gentlemen, permit me to say that I have read that speech over and over again, and I cannot, for my life, see in it a single line which is not perfectly consistent with the integrity, loyalty, and patriotism which characterized this great statesman's life ; and I think now, if the voice of the world could be expressed, the verdict would be that it will forever stand out in letters of living light on the pages of history, to the honor of Mr. Webster's great name.

The works of Mr. Webster are among the most valuable which our nation has produced. " No other set of volumes contain more wisdom, patriotism, or eloquence ; and the more we read them, the more will they be admired. The light of his gigantic intellect was not like the blaze of the meteor which leaves darkness more intense, but like the glorious sun, shining in all

its effulgence around us, and lighting up the way to honor, glory, and immortality." These are the words which I uttered twenty-nine years ago in this house, and from which I have nothing to take back.

Mr. Webster had a wonderful control of his feelings under the most trying circumstances. Well do I remember when Judge Nesmith and myself called on him the next morning after the nomination of General Scott for the Presidency (on the ground of availability). We called just as the sun was rising, knowing that Mr. Webster was also an early riser, and would be ready to receive us. We expected to see the lion roused from his lair, discomfited and disappointed at his defeat in the Baltimore Convention; but we found him placid as the summer sea, not a ripple to ruffle its bosom. He met us at the door. "Come in, my old friends; I am glad to see you." We at once entered, sat right down in the reception room, and began to express our regrets that he had not received the nomination as was expected. But as often as we referred to the matter he would change the subject; and once when I introduced it, he said: "How does guano work on your potatoes?" In fact, the only growl we heard that morning was when we told him that he might be sent as Minister to the Court of Saint James, and he replied: "I wonder if they think I am available."

As another illustration of his complacency under this severe disappointment, he came into the Convention for forming the United States Agricultural Society and made us a most appropriate speech, in which he most eloquently and feelingly addressed the "Farmer of Arlington," George Washington Park Custis, the last representative

of the Washington family. When the Convention had adjourned, we marched in procession to Mr. Webster's house, where I addressed him as the "Farmer of Marshfield." Although I have spoken of this on another occasion, I will refer to it here, as it has a reference to Dartmouth College. "Brother Farmers," said Mr. Webster, "you do me no more than justice when you call me the 'Farmer of Marshfield.' My father was a farmer; I am a farmer; and when I was a boy on those New Hampshire hills, no cock crew so early that I did not hear him. Agriculture is the basis of the glory and prosperity of this nation. I am a friend of agriculture. When I took my second degree at Dartmouth College, I delivered an address on the importance of forming agricultural societies; and although I have not seen that document since that time, if any of you have a desire to see it, and will come down to Marshfield, we will look over the archives, and I think we shall find it." After addressing us at some length, he said: "I am honored by this visit. I shall remember it; and if we meet not again in time, I trust we may meet hereafter under a more genial sky and a kindlier sun. Brother Farmers, good morning."

Mr. President, I have already occupied my full share of our time, but I cannot close these remarks without alluding to the religious character of Mr. Webster, his reverence for the Sabbath, the ordinances of the Gospel, and his faith as firm as the everlasting hills. How beautifully is this illustrated in his creed which he sent to his early pastor in New Hampshire, and in the fact that he prepared his own epitaph, which now stands inscribed on marble over his remains at Marshfield, that

it might speak to the world of his faith in the religion of Christ when he was gone: "THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT MUST BE A DIVINE PRODUCTION. 'LORD, I BELIEVE; HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF.'"

The next gentleman on whom I shall call, is one who has not only received an honorary degree from the College, but has rendered it valuable service as one of the Trustees, and contributed liberally to the fund for the Webster Professorship, — the Hon. EDWARD S. TOBEY.

SPEECH OF HON. EDWARD S. TOBEY.

MR. CHAIRMAN: —

I THANK you for the very kind manner in which you have been pleased to allude to my former relations to Dartmouth College.

I could but wish that the honorary degree conferred on me the last year of President Lord's administration had been more merited. My connection with the College as one of its Board of Trustees for seven or eight years, under President Smith, brought me into agreeable relations with distinguished men; and I regard it as one of the most pleasant experiences of my life. I there made the acquaintance of the late honored Chief-Justice Chase, who was at that time President of the Alumni Association,— an acquaintance retained until the close of his life, and which, from my profound respect for his exalted character, I never ceased to prize. It was my privilege, at the suggestion of President Smith, and during the first year of his administration, to co-operate with him in efforts to found a Webster Professorship at

Dartmouth, and to make the first contribution to that object,—an object which I earnestly hope may yet be accomplished.

It is this fact which has probably prompted you, Mr. Chairman, as well as my venerable friend Colonel Wilder, to call on me to say something on the special topic of this occasion,—the life and character of Daniel Webster.

Of his extraordinary intellectual power it does not become me in this presence to speak. Language would fail if I were to attempt it, especially after the eloquent tribute on a recent public occasion by one of his illustrious contemporaries, and the able remarks of the gentlemen who have just preceded me.

The recorded evidence of his comprehensive mind and intellectual greatness can be read and known by all. I may, however, briefly refer to one especially eloquent speech of the many to which it was my privilege to listen. After the death of President Harrison, and the accession to office of Vice-President John Tyler, all the members of the Cabinet, except Mr. Webster, resigned. He remained as Secretary of State, for the purpose of bringing to a successful conclusion a perplexing controversy between Great Britain and the United States as to the trial and release of Alexander McLeod, a British subject, then held as a prisoner in the State of New York for participating in an attack on the Steamer "Caroline," within the waters of the United States. The British Government avowed the act as authorized, and imperatively demanded McLeod's release. It tasked to the utmost the extraordinary ability of Mr. Webster, as a mutual friend informed me, to find sufficient ground on

which to comply with England's demand, and yet maintain the dignity of the Government of the United States, consistently with the relations between the Federal Government and that of the State of New York. The question seemed at one time to threaten the peaceful relations between England and America, of which the public were not aware. Under Mr. Webster's construction of the duty and obligations of our Government, McLeod was surrendered, and soon after Mr. Webster resigned. Having been unjustly criticised by certain political leaders, and his motives impugned for remaining so long in the Cabinet, he at once sought vindication in a speech delivered in Faneuil Hall, defining his position, in which he poured out a torrent of eloquence seldom equalled, and in which he clearly indicated the chagrin that even a great man may feel when he is made the subject of unjust suspicion and criticism.

While I have no claim whatever to be regarded as one of the great statesman's associates, I was favored with a very limited and casual acquaintance in the latter part of his life, and an opportunity to know something of his private life and his religious character, through his particular friends, of whom a few were also my personal friends. I may perhaps, therefore, properly speak of unquestionable facts which have, by force of circumstances, come to my knowledge at different times through a period of about forty years, tending to disprove the base rumor and slanders which have found an astonishing currency.

To these I have never thought it proper to refer publicly; but since the pages of one of our most respectable periodicals have reproduced the rumors, and which have been very recently publicly refuted in the Boston

“Herald,” by his able biographer George Ticknor Curtis, the friends of Mr. Webster on this occasion would be false to his memory and their own moral obligation if they failed to put forward the evidence in their possession, to disprove the charges on which such rumors have been fabricated, and which, until recently, have not found a place, so far as I know, in any respectable paper or public journal.

The late Dr. John Jeffries, who was the physician of Mr. Webster, was also my family physician for twenty years. Not long after the close of the late civil war, an Episcopal clergyman of Charleston, S. C., became my guest. He being in need of medical advice, I introduced him to Dr. Jeffries. After his case had been disposed of, he inquired of Dr. Jeffries: “Pray, sir, were the stories which we hear at the South concerning Mr. Webster’s private character true?” The Doctor replied: “Do you refer to his alleged drinking habits?”—“Yes, sir,” said the clergyman. “No, sir,” answered Dr. Jeffries; “they were not true.” He added: “I was his physician for many years, and made the *post mortem* examination. He died from no such cause.” To illustrate to what extent Mr. Webster was misunderstood and consequently maligned, the Doctor related the following fact: “On a certain occasion when Mr. Webster was engaged to speak in Faneuil Hall, he had been for several days much reduced by medical treatment. Late in the afternoon I suggested that, in his reduced condition, a glass of wine would be useful. He replied: ‘No, Doctor, I prefer a plate of soup; and when his Honor the Mayor calls for me, perhaps you will accompany me.’ I assented, and did accompany him. That evening, before

Mr. Webster had closed his speech, a certain political rival left the hall and was met by a friend, who inquired, 'Is the meeting over?' The envious politician answered, 'No; I have come away disgusted. Webster is intoxicated.' Who was the most reliable witness in this case,—his honest physician, an eye-witness, who spoke from knowledge, or the political rival, who spoke from false inference? This is but one of several similar instances of misapprehension and consequent cruel injustice which I might relate, did the time and occasion permit.

There is now living in this city a gentleman of the highest respectability, personally well known to me for thirty-five years, who was, for about twenty-five years, intimately connected with Mr. Webster at Marshfield as the manager of his affairs, and consequently with him under all circumstances during his summer residence there. Mr. Webster regarded him with the affection of a father for a son. This gentleman has said to me more than once, with emotion and evident feelings of indignation: "No one has ever seen Mr. Webster at Marshfield unduly under the influence of stimulants." He adds: "I was with him on festive occasions here and in New Hampshire, when others were indulging in the customary habit of drinking, but I have never seen Mr. Webster, on those occasions, use stimulants to excess."

The late Judge Peleg Sprague, whom from family relationship it was my privilege to know intimately until the very last year of his life, a short time before his death, in conversation with me, refuted the charges of Mr. Webster's alleged excessive drinking habits in Washington. Judge Sprague was ten years in Con-

gress, and was associated with Mr. Webster under various circumstances in public and social life.

I have thus offered the evidence of three witnesses, whose opportunity of knowledge and whose credibility, it cannot be denied, are to be accepted against rumors so easily put in circulation by reckless as well as by mistaken men, but which have beyond question been believed by very many good men who had not the opportunity, or perhaps the sense of obligation, to investigate the origin of them.

As to Mr. Webster's religious character and habits of mind, I can hardly express the great satisfaction with which I have just listened to the testimony of his intimate friend the Rev. Dr. Lothrop, who has in such eloquent and unqualified language confirmed, and, indeed, more than confirmed, all that others have known of it. Dr. Lothrop has repeated to us his criticism on a prayer once offered by the Chaplain of the United States Senate, in which Mr. Webster concurred, expressing at the same time his view of the nature and true object of prayer. This reminds me of the fact that the last sermon which Mr. Webster ever heard was on the subject of prayer, from the lips of the late Rev. Dr. Kirk, preached in the little Methodist Church at Duxbury, about four miles from Marshfield. This was about six weeks before Mr. Webster's death. He was accompanied by Sir John Crampton, the British minister, who at that time was at Marshfield negotiating a treaty on the fishery question. Through the mutual friendly relations of my esteemed friend and partner, the Hon. Seth Sprague, I had the privilege, with him and the Rev. Dr. Kirk, of dining with Mr. Webster the next

day. It afforded an opportunity to listen to his entertaining and instructive anecdotes, of which I will relate one only. He said: "On a certain occasion, when President Kirkland of Harvard University was called upon by one of his familiar friends, a clergyman, he inquired as to the state of affairs in his parish; to which the clergyman replied: 'We are troubled by a good deal of controversy.' — 'Ah! and pray what may the subject be?' inquired Dr. Kirkland. 'It is the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints which agitates the minds of my people,' said the clergyman. 'Well,' said President Kirkland, 'I, too, have a controversy among my people; but the topic is of a very different nature. What troubles me and them most is, the final perseverance of sinners.'"

To refer to the more public evidences of Mr. Webster's religious views, who but one speaking from honest and deep conviction and from experience could have so lucidly represented the genius and principle of true Christianity, not surpassed by the efforts of the best theologians, as did Mr. Webster in his extraordinary plea in the famous Girard will case, and in his address at Plymouth, in 1820, on the subject of its settlement by the Pilgrim fathers?

I am sure, however, that you will especially appreciate his own statement of his Confession of Faith, written in 1807, and published in the Boston "Courier" about twenty-two years since, and which is as follows: —

"I believe in the existence of Almighty God, who created and governs the whole world. I am taught this by the works of Nature and the word of revelation.

"I believe that God exists in three persons: this I learn

from revelation alone. Nor is it any objection to this belief that I cannot comprehend how *one* can be *three* or *three, one*. I hold it my duty to believe, not what I can comprehend or account for, but what my Maker teahes me.

“ I believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the will and word of God.

“ I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God. The miracles which he wrought establish in my mind his personal authority, and render it proper for me to believe whatever he asserts ; I believe, therefore, all his deelarations, as well when he deelares himself the Son of God as when he deelares any other proposition. And I believe there is no other way of salvation than through the merits of his atonement.

“ I believe that things past, present, and to come are all equally present in the mind of the Deity ; that with him there is no succession of time, nor of ideas ; that, therefore, the relative terms past, present, and future, as used among men, cannot, with strict propriety, be applied to Deity. I believe in the doctrines of fore-knowledge and predestination, as thus expounded. I do not believe in those doctrines as imposing any fatality or necessity on men’s actions, or any way infringing free agency.

“ I believe in the utter inability of any human being to work out his own salvation without the constant aids of the spirit of all grace.

“ I believe in those great peculiarities of the Christian religion,—a resurrection from the dead and a day of judgment.

“ I believe in the universal providence of God ; and leave to Epicurus, and his more unreasonable followers in modern times, the inconsistency of believing that God made a world which he does not take the trouble of governing.

“ Although I have great respect for some other forms of worship, I believe the Congregational mode, on the whole, to be preferable to any other.

“ I believe religion to be a matter not of demonstration, but of faith. God requires us to give credit to the truths which he reveals, not because we can prove them, but because he declares them. When the mind is reasonably convineed that the

Bible is the word of God, the only remaining duty is to receive its doctrines with full confidence of their truth, and practise them with a pure heart.

“I believe that the Bible is to be understood and received in the plain and obvious meaning of its passages, since I cannot persuade myself that a book intended for the instruction and conversion of the whole world should cover its true meaning in such mystery and doubt that none but critics and philosophers can discover it.

“I believe that the experiments and subtleties of human wisdom are more likely to obscure than to enlighten the revealed will of God, and that he is the most accomplished Christian scholar who has been educated at the feet of Jesus and in the College of Fishermen.

“I believe that all true religion consists in the heart and the affections, and that therefore all creeds and confessions are fallible and uncertain evidences of Evangelical piety.”

Can anything be more clear and satisfactory? It may be said that these were his opinions when only twenty-five years of age, and that his views may have changed. But there is abundant evidence of his extraordinary maturity of mind even at that age; and those early opinions are fully sustained in his subsequent speeches, notably in his remarks before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts on the occasion of the death of his intimate associate, Jeremiah Mason, of which the following is an extract: —

“But, sir, political eminence and professional fame fade away and die with all things earthly. Nothing of character is really permanent but virtue and personal worth. These remain. Whatever of excellence is wrought into the soul itself belongs to both worlds. Real goodness does not attach itself merely to this life; it points to another world. Political or professional reputation cannot last forever, but a conscience void of offence before God and man is an inheritance for eter-

nity. Religion, therefore, is a necessary and indispensable element in any great human character; there is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to His throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away,—a worthless atom in the universe; its proper attraction all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the Scriptures describe in such terse but terrific language, ‘without God in the world.’ Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far, far away, from the purposes of his creation. A mind like Mr. Mason’s, active, thoughtful, penetrating, could not but meditate deeply on the condition of man below, and feel its responsibilities. He could not look on this mighty system,—

‘This universal frame, thus wondrous fair,—

without feeling that it was created and upheld by an Intelligence to which all other intelligences must be responsible. I am bound to say, that in the course of my life I never met with an individual, in any profession or condition of life, who always spoke and always thought with such awful reverence of the power and presence of God. No irreverence, no lightness, even no too familiar allusion to God and his attributes, ever escaped his lips. The very notion of a Supreme Being was, with him, made up of awe and solemnity, and filled the whole of his great mind with the strongest emotions. A man like him, with all his proper sentiments and sensibilities alive in him, must in this state of existence have something to believe, and something to hope for; or else, as life is advancing to its close and parting, all is heart-sinking and oppression. Depend upon it, whatever may be the mind of an old man, old age is only really happy when, on feeling the enjoyments of this world pass away, it begins to lay a stronger hold on those of another.”

Mr. Webster then quotes, on the authority of another, the grounds of Mr. Mason’s religious faith, thus:—

“ Mr. Mason was fully aware that his end was near ; and in answer to the question, ‘ Can you now rest with firm faith upon the merits of your Divine Redeemer ? ’ he said : ‘ I trust I do. Upon what else can I rest ? ’ At another time, in reply to a similar question, he said : ‘ *Of course* ; I have no other ground of hope.’ ”

Mr. Webster adds :—

“ Such, Mr. Chief-Justice, was the life and such the death of Jeremiah Mason. For one, I could pour out my heart like water at the recollection of his virtues and his friendship, and in the feeling of his loss. I would embalm his memory in my best affections.”

Again, in the following extract from a letter to his teacher, Mr. James Tappan, about two years before Mr. Webster’s death, he writes :—

“ You have, indeed, lived a checkered life. I hope you have been able to bear prosperity with meekness, and adversity with patience. These things are all ordered for us far better than we could order them for ourselves. We may pray for our daily bread ; we may pray for forgiveness of sins ; we may pray to be kept from temptation, and that the kingdom of God may come in us, and in all men, and his will everywhere be done. Beyond this we hardly know for what good to supplicate the Divine Mercy. Our Heavenly Father knoweth what we have need of better than we know ourselves, and we are assured that his eye and his loving kindness are upon us and around us every moment.”

How entirely in harmony are these religious views of Mr. Webster with similar utterances on several public occasions, to which allusion has already been made ; and especially with that extraordinary dramatic scene so vividly described by his biographer, Mr. Harvey, who was an eye-witness and participator in it, when, in the

solitary farm-house of John Colby,¹ in New Hampshire, Mr. Webster, at the request of Mr. Colby, led in prayer. Whatever else of unfriendly criticism has been made on the character of Mr. Webster, he has never been charged with hypocrisy, or of parading his religious opinions; least of all in that remote hamlet of John Colby, whither he had gone to visit him for the first time in twenty-five years, because he had heard of Mr. Colby's remarkable conversion late in life. Can there be the remotest suspicion that other than the most pure and noble of all motives could have governed him, as he then sought communion with God in prayer? And, as Mr. Harvey remarked to the writer, "It was, indeed, a prayer."

About one year before the death of Mr. Webster, I casually met Professor Stuart of Andover on his return from a visit to Mr. Webster at Marshfield, when, in the course of conversation relating to his religious habits, the Professor remarked: "Mr. Webster has arrived at that period in life when he feels more than ever his moral accountability;" and added, "He has resumed family worship." I inquired, "What evidence have you of this?" He answered: "Clergymen who have recently visited in his family have so informed me." This of course implied that family worship had once been his custom, but that it had been temporarily suspended,— perhaps attributable to unusual pressure on his time by reason of his always arduous public duties.

But, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, I have no right

¹ John Colby was the husband of Mr. Webster's eldest sister, who died many years before the visit here referred to. He was known as a great sceptic in religious matters in early life, and hence Mr. Webster's earnest desire to visit him soon after he heard of Mr. Colby's conversion.

to presume longer on your attention while others are yet to address you. I again thank you for this opportunity of bearing my humble testimony to the worth and private character of America's greatest statesman, whose record of distinguished public service will adorn the pages of his country's history with unfading lustre long after the unjust aspersions on his character shall have passed into oblivion forever.

Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of introducing the author of several valuable scientific works, who was an intimate and favorite friend of Mr. Webster for many years, — the Hon. STEPHEN M. ALLEN.

SPEECH OF HON. STEPHEN M. ALLEN.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: —

I KNOW not to what, or to whom, I am primarily indebted for this honor. But this I do know, that the name of Dartmouth College, as connected with that of Daniel Webster, has been vividly impressed upon my mind since childhood. In maturer life, the subject became more interesting from the fact that the present legal status of the College had been established in the year of my own birth, through the efforts of its most distinguished alumnus; and that my family relations, who had been educated there, ever considered it a triumph for education in New Hampshire, and a crowning glory to Mr. Webster. My acquaintance with the great statesman grew entirely out of family associations, and was almost wholly private and social. Both of my grandfathers —

Japhet Allen and Jeremiah Gilman — were with Ebenezer Webster in the Revolution ; and Colonel David Gilman, my grandfather's brother, was with him in the old French wars, under Washington and Amherst. Daniel Webster and my father were born in the same year, took lessons from the same tutor ; and while Mr. Webster was at Fryburg Academy, Mr. Allen taught a district school near by, and was a companion of Webster on many a fishing and rambling excursion around Mt. Chocorua and the tributaries of the Saco.

My first sight of the great statesman was in a country village in New Hampshire, when I was about ten years of age ; but when at seventeen I came to Boston and was first casually introduced, he was at the zenith of his glory. I had been taught that he was not only one of the greatest, but one of the best, men the country had ever known ; and when subsequently I made myself known to him, the great heart of the statesman warmed at once to me through the memories of the grandfather and father ; and the intimacy lasted till Mr. Webster's death. For some years after my first introduction I watched his course with a critic's eye, and became convinced, on afterwards knowing him personally, that all and more that had been early taught me in his favor was true. He introduced his son Fletcher to me, whose acquaintance, with that of his family, I always valued and have kept up with affectionate remembrance.

It was my privilege also to have heard golden words eulogistic of Mr. Webster from many of his contemporaries. Some of these were older and life-long friends. Some were statesmen, some were associated with him long years at the Bar, while others were merchants and

mechanics. Among these were Clay, Cass, Benton, Calhoun, Talmadge, Corwin, Conrad, Crittenden, and Marshall; also Jonathan Mason, Judge Story, Simon Greenleaf, Rufus Choate, the elder Bowditch, Thomas H. Perkins, the elder Winthrop, his old schoolmaster Tappan, and some of the influential old mechanics of Boston, who preserved his confidence and esteem. They all held him in the highest veneration, and awarded him all the honors we accord him to-day.

On my own part, I found Mr. Webster a most affectionate and loving friend, and ever willing to instruct and advise the lowliest citizen on any subject brought to his notice. I believed him to be the most exemplary statesman the country had ever known, and a consistent Christian; and such has been the testimony of all who knew him personally and well. The two Daguerrotype pictures before you were the last ever taken of Webster, and were produced at Franklin, N. H., about two months before his death, and a few days before he left that town for the last time. He sent them to me as a present, with some other tokens of remembrance. He had contemplated giving a dinner there to twenty-five young men whom he authorized a few of us to invite; but two days before the same was to come off, he was called back to Washington for a day, after which he went to Marshfield to die. He sent for me to meet him at the Revere House, on his arrival in the city, and recommended the party of young friends to go up and have their dinner, the fish for which he said were already caught; but we felt no heart to do so, and declined. He was at this time quite feeble from an old complaint of chronic diarrhoea, and the solemnity

of his manner seemed prophetic of the coming calamity. I well remember his last words, and the impress they then made upon my heart. He said : “ I am going to Washington for a day, and then I shall return here and go to Marshfield ; and then — and then — and then — Mr. Allen, I don’t know what ! ”

Mr. Webster was often in my office near State Street, and would talk with the familiarity of a father. I knew and often saw many of his old friends in the West, to whom he ever wished to be kindly remembered ; and once he gave me some five hundred of his Speeches for the young men of Kentucky. At Washington, he was ever accessible to those that called ; and whether as Senator of Massachusetts or Cabinet officer, he was the same profound but genial entertainer. I once dined at the house of one of our distinguished representatives in Congress, who disliked Mr. Webster with the bitterness of his whole impetuous nature, and also supped with Mr. Webster the same evening. The representative, after dinner, began a tirade against Mr. Webster and some of the other prominent statesmen while we walked the piazza, and became so offensive that I told him I was going to Mr. Webster’s house to tea, and begged him to stop. He at once did so, and apologized. How different the evening from the afternoon ! How different the men ! I have never since passed up the State House steps between those two men standing in bronze before its portals, but I call to mind the afternoon and evening I spent with them respectively in Washington, — the one, a gall of bitterness to his enemies ; the other, a Colossus of forbearance and Christian charity. Mr. Webster was well aware of this

bitterness, and of my acquaintance with its source; yet the whole evening passed, during which there was only one caller, and not a word of unkindness was spoken. The conversation that evening was mostly of the young men of the country, and the vast resources at hand for their future field of labor and support. He contrasted our own with that of other nations, freely speaking of England and France. He touched upon the character of the Pilgrims,—the Lollards of England as he termed them,—and of the religious fanaticism which had cost so many lives in olden time, and of the difference in the spirit divine which shone forth at Calvary in contrast with that of the massacre of St. Bartholomew and that of the Waldenses. Mr. Webster's knowledge of Scripture was perfect, and his quotations were always elevating. How often in hearing him have I thought of the inspired utterance of the blind, backwoods preacher, so beautifully expressed in the common school-books of the day, when he majestically, with an elevated voice, exclaimed: "Socrates died like a man, but Jesus Christ like a God!" I never knew of Mr. Webster's uttering an irreverent word, and in but one note did I ever detect any bitterness towards those who had so maligned him. He was at last pained at the coolness of some of his friends that lie had nourished and sustained through life, and who had grown rich and honored through his means, but who, though well knowing his conscientious views of carrying out the Constitution, were willing to join in the cry against him when he fulfilled his last duty in trying to preserve the Union through perfectly Constitutional means. In a note to me in 1851, he said: "It would rejoice me more than almost anything else,

to see Massachusetts restored to her true character and position."

It has been said by some of Mr. Webster's enemies that he bore hard, in a pecuniary way, upon his friends. This, in my own behalf, and in behalf of one of his most intimate but wealthy friends, I can positively contradict. Mr. Webster well knew, from the year 1849 to the day of his death, that he could have borrowed from me at any time a few thousand dollars, payable at his convenience. He never asked for, nor in any manner, direct or indirect, did he receive through or from me, a dollar in his life that I remember. I take pleasure also in saying the same of his son Fletcher, whom, from his father's introduction to me in 1850, I knew intimately until his death. A continued acquaintance with his family since, including the three children who have died, enables me to say the same of them.

Another word may not be improper in regard to their convivial habits, for which they have also been maligned. For the last ten years I have been much at the Webster mansion as the guest of the family; have often stopped two or three days at a time; have frequently dined and supped there when I did not remain over night; and during all these years I never saw, or saw used, a drop of ardent spirits or wine of any kind about the house or upon the place. I take pleasure in saying this, in justice to the bereaved and widowed mother of a large family, now all dead,— who was of an illustrious family herself, and whose heart has ever opened to every good word and work illustrated by the life of the husband and father to whom the country has owed and does still owe so much.

The last words of Daniel Webster to me, after kindly asking about the health of my family, were: "God bless you and them!" and I treasure these words as a blessing from the great, the good, the just man. In comparison with other characters, in greatness (and with such greatness!) and goodness, I find no parallel as statesman, scholar, citizen, or friend. In my judgment, he combined the wisdom, and especially the fidelity, of Lycurgus; the pre-eminent political genius of Solon; the oratorical powers of both Demosthenes and Cicero; with the dignity and patriotism of Washington.

I now call upon a member of the class of 1858, an orator who has recently served with acceptance in the Senate of Massachusetts,—the Hon. ALBERT PALMER.

SPEECH OF HON. ALBERT PALMER.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—

As a son of New Hampshire and of Dartmouth, I am proud to be here to join with you this evening in honoring the majestic memory of New Hampshire's and Dartmouth's most illustrious son. It is a no less graceful than grateful custom,—one which is always honored by every observance, and one which should never be neglected,—that finds an illustration in this gathering. We cannot too devoutly or too constantly revere the memories of those illustrious patriots and statesmen whose names and fames form the richest heritage of the Republic, and of whom we may indeed say, that, though dead, "their spirits rule us from their urns."

There is an element in the wealth of nations which

Adam Smith wrote not of, and of which the frigid and prosaic science of political economy takes no account. The wealth of nations, gentlemen, is largely made up of monumental manhoods, like that to which we pay homage this night. In mediæval days, it was the custom, as one brave knight after another passed away, to hang his banner and his shield above his tomb ; and whenever his descendants were summoned to arms, they prepared themselves for the field by visiting these proud memorials of their valiant sires. Thus did the chivalry of those rude times draw inspiration from the fathers. The example of feudalism may be improved upon by free peoples. This Republic has in truth a glorious knighthood, whose banners and shields, resting above their ashes, are emblems of inspiration for evermore, to be gazed upon with reverent eyes and appealed to with grateful hearts whenever in the long hereafter supreme emergencies shall summon their posterity to supreme efforts. Whenever and wherever we raise a statue or build a shrine to one of the long line of American worthies,—an Adams, a Franklin, a Jefferson, a Jackson, a Lincoln, or a Garfield,—we build better than perhaps we know. Such memories are the hostages which the great Past gives to the greater Future. And every marble column that we raise to give them perpetual remembrance is a silent sentinel posted on the ramparts of republican government, which shall challenge our children and our children's children to remember the countersign of freedom. It is not for the dead only, or chiefly, that we erect these monuments, but for ourselves and those who shall come after us ; that these effigies in stone and bronze may, look-

ing down upon us in the calm serenity of their mute grandeur, pledge to us the fulfilment of the poet's prophecy,—

“And often from that other world on this
Some gleams from great souls gone before may shine,
To shed on struggling hearts a clearer bliss,
And clothe the right with lustre more divine.”

Among those “great souls gone before,” that of Daniel Webster is most assuredly one of the greatest. Nor can it be at this late date at all doubtful what manner of message his immortal voice will carry down to the coming generations. The fierce passions of the conflict on whose threshold his Titanic form looms up, overshadowing all the lesser actors in the prologue to the drama of Secession, have at length happily passed away. The murky atmosphere of partisan fury and malice which enveloped the figures of the contestants in that long and bitter war of ideas which preceded the war of swords, no longer obscures them from our view. Now that we have reached the time when we can survey the field of carnage itself with calmness and candor, we may certainly examine the field of controversy which antedated it with dispassionate eyes; and on that memorable field of controversy I take it that no man at these tables doubts what place and what part belong to Daniel Webster. It was a field in which giants strove with giants, and the stake was proportionably heavy. In those eventful years, during which Webster represented Massachusetts in the Senate, the pleadings were being made up upon which final issue was to be taken ten years after he had “joined the great

majority." I think — I know I am sustained by history in saying that his was the master-mind that shaped the case, not for the North, not for the South, but for the Constitution and the Union ; and shaped it so clearly, so conclusively, that, from the moment when he sat down after his historic reply to Hayne to the moment when arms took the place of arguments, no material word was added thereto. The argument was all in then, and the case was as ready then for the jury as it was in 1861. There is not a single line of defence for the right of secession which is not broken by that speech ; nor is there a single line of defence for the indestructibility of the Union which is not advanced and maintained within its comprehensive limits. It was the prophetic anticipation, by a span of full thirty years, of every Constitutional contention that was submitted to a bloody settlement three decades after its delivery. The whole range of parliamentary records may be searched in vain for a parallel exhibition of prescient statesmanship.

I believe, gentlemen, that the time is ripe for a new reading and a truer interpretation of this great man. He has been, if not misunderstood, very imperfectly understood. So long as the war and the issues growing out of the war occupied the national mind, the popular judgment was in no condition to consider with patience or assign with accuracy the place of Daniel Webster in our history. We have all felt that it must be a great place, but how great we have, I believe, yet to realize. It has been well remarked by Mr. Whipple, that the names of Edmund Burke and Daniel Webster hold equal and lonely rank among

the parliamentary orators of their respective countries. Their distinction is that their utterances have survived the occasions of their delivery, and are incorporated into the enduring body of our standard literature. The reason of this is not obscure. Other party leaders spoke for their party and for the passing party exigency, and for them only. Burke spoke to all England, and Webster to all America, for all time to come. No party can claim them as exclusively its own ; their genius was essentially national in its grasp and devotion. We may as well attempt to distort the patriotic teachings of Washington's farewell address into the dogmas of a party, as to construct the narrow platform of a faction with the broad timbers of Webster's superb deliverances. No reflecting man can peruse his voluminous utterances on the public themes of his time, beginning with his argument in behalf of his beloved Alma Mater before the Supreme Court of the United States in 1818, and ending with his address on the laying of the corner-stone of the addition to the Nation's Capitol in 1851, without being impressed, above all other impressions, with the breadth, the comprehensiveness, the universality, and the untainted and unfaltering patriotism of Webster's mind. An intelligent perusal of these master-pieces of oratory is of itself a complete education in all the essential branches of political science. As time goes on, we cannot doubt that they will become more and more prized as a grand portion of the inspired scriptures of American statesmanship. If the political economist of this or some future day shall seek for a clear and convincing exposition of the philosophy of protection and free-trade, he will find it here ; if he shall

seek to know and understand the exact relations of the States to the Nation, the precise nature of the sovereignty of the former and of the supremacy of the latter, he will find it here ; if he shall seek to know, as many of us are seeking to know at this time, the true relations of the Executive to public patronage, and the proper limitations to the exercise of the appointing and removing power, then he will find all that here too. But above all, sir, he will find in Webster's public addresses that masterly elucidation of the fundamental principles on which this government rests, and on which alone it can be perpetuated ; which have given to their illustrious author his right to that grand title, "The Expounder and Defender of the Constitution."

I do not for one moment exempt from this sincere judgment and this inadequate praise that memorable speech of the 7th of March, 1850, to which, many years after its delivery, the term "infamous" was freely applied. I believe I am not lacking in admiration for that Spartan band of political pioneers who, at the time that famous speech was delivered, were the extreme vanguard of the noble army of martyrs who eleven years later were to make the soil of the Republic free from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Maine to the Gulf; but, sir, I cannot conscientiously subscribe — and never did — to the characterization of that 7th of March speech as infamous. It was not the speech of an Abolitionist or a Free Soiler; it was not a radical speech as the term "radical" is commonly used: it was a speech that breathed the spirit of compromise and conciliation. It was denounced then and for many years afterwards as "a surrender to the Slave Power." I

doubt if that description of it will find anything like unanimous assent to-day; and ere another decade has passed, I believe it will be rejected as a wholly unjust estimate of its real character. In the final judgment of history, I am confident, it will be regarded as the honest appeal of a great mind, patriotically zealous for the preservation of the Union above all things, and for the sacred observance of the Constitution, which he regarded as the Ark of the Covenant to that conservative body of opinion, which, as he then sincerely believed, must rescue them from the extremists of both sections, if they were to be rescued at all. It was not given to him to see that there was an irrepressible conflict that could not be compromised. He shrank from any such conclusion. "I hear," said he, in that too little appreciated speech, — "I hear with distress and anguish the word secession! secession! peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle." And then followed that splendid figure, borrowed from the imagery of the universe: "He who sees these States now revolving in harmony around a common centre, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres and jostle against each other in the realms of space without causing the wreck of the universe. There can be no such thing as peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility." I cannot think of that speech in which these solemn and prophetic words occur, and many more of like import and power, and write it down as infamous, or as a surrender to the Slave Power. Whenever that accusation is made, I call to mind a pas-

sage in that speech which nobly resents and repels a Southern senator's conceited criticisms and arraignment of Northern labor and the Northern laborer, in comparison with the slave and the slave labor of the South. What particle of subserviency can be detected in these Websterian words? "Why, who are the laboring people of the North? They are the whole North. They are the people who till their own farms with their own hands,—freeholders, educated men, independent men. Let me say, sir, that five sixths of the whole property of the North is in the hands of the laborers of the North; they cultivate their farms, they educate their children, they provide the means of independence. If they are not freeholders, they earn wages; these wages accumulate, are turned into capital, into new freeholds, and small capitalists are created. Such is the case and such the course of things among the industrious and frugal. And what can these people think, when so respectable and worthy a gentleman as the member from Louisiana undertakes to prove that the absolute ignorance and the abject slavery of the South are more in conformity with the high purposes and destiny of immortal rational human beings than the educated, the independent, free labor of the North?" When that accusation is made, I recall again those warning words to Southern gentlemen who were preparing to hold a convention in Nashville. This is the message which the 7th of March speech delivered to them: "If they meet for any purpose hostile to the Union, they have been singularly inappropriate in their selection of a place. I remember, sir, when the treaty of Amiens was concluded between France and England, a sturdy Englishman and a distinguished ora-

tor, who regarded the conditions of the peace as ignominious to England, said in the House of Commons, that if King William could know the terms of that treaty he would turn in his coffin ! Let me commend this saying of Mr. Windham in all its force to any persons who shall meet at Nashville for the purpose of concerting measures for the overthrow of this Union over the bones of Andrew Jackson." How much does Webster stoop or bend in that passage ? Or will his opponents charge that it is a fragment of the "first brief," about which they pretend to know so much ?

To all the reckless and ignorant defamation of that speech, I present the lofty patriotism which inspires it through and through. Its closing sentences rise to the full height of that earlier eloquence of 1830, and link themselves with it in fit and immortal companionship. Who can forget the picture of the Republic which Webster paints in the three sentences with which he ends the famous speech ? " This Republic now extends with a vast breadth across the whole continent. The two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore. We realize on a mighty scale the beautiful description of the ornamental border of the buckler of Achilles :—

' Now, the broad shield complete the artist crowned
With his last hand, and poured the ocean round ;
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge and bound the whole.' "

Webster lifted the Republic to the gaze of his countrymen as if full sure that no other argument or exhortation could be needed to inspire all hearts for its

defence, and wither any hand raised to divide and destroy it. Bacon appealed from the passions and prejudices of his time, and bequeathed his name and memory “to men’s charitable speeches and to foreign nations and the next ages.” Our own idolized war Governor, great and brave as Sam Adams, keenly felt that he had confronted and offended public sentiment, and dedicated the greatest speech of his life to the future of Massachusetts. Webster met the 7th of March, 1850, and neither supplicated the present nor implored the future. He was serenely satisfied and proud to speak, “not as a Massachusetts man, nor as a Northern man, but as an American, and a member of the Senate of the United States.” With unabated and undisturbed self-respect he wrote upon the titlepage of his speech: “With the highest respect and the deepest sense of obligation, I dedicate this speech to the people of Massachusetts.” And then he added the great words of the great Roman statesman: —

“ I know there are other things more agreeable to be spoken than these things; but necessity compels me to speak true things instead of pleasing things, although my inclination might not prompt it. I could wish, indeed, to please you; but I much prefer that you should be saved, however you may be disposed in mind towards me.”

It is idle, as we all agree, to speculate on what might have been.

“ Not Heaven itself upon the Past hath power.”

And yet there is a temptation that rises unbidden, and urges the imagination to picture what might have been the course of history if to the voice of Webster plead-

ing for a pacific adjustment there had been added other voices, from North and South alike, until the chorus of the peacemakers had drowned the clamors of the extremists of both sections ! Webster, at least, saw the end from the beginning. He had discerned the precipice of civil war in 1830, as clearly appears in his reply to Hayne ; and in 1850 he saw its yawning mouth still nearer. The height and depth of his offending was this,— that he could not bring himself to do aught but struggle against the inevitable. To me, at least, and I doubt not to many others, the attitude of this majestic man, this monarch among men, in view of the storm whose first mighty mutterings greeted his dying ears, is full of pathetic grandeur. He saw only the gulf towards which his fellow-countrymen were rushing ; he beheld in advance the deluge of blood and tears which was to follow,— and in an agony of spirit he pleaded that the bitter cup might pass from the lips of the people he had loved and served so well. Well, sir, that cup was destined to be drained to its last bitter dregs ; and it is our good fortune to live to see what Webster despaired of,— the Constitution and the Union surviving the shock of civil war, with a new guarantee of perpetuity, because no slave treads the soil or breathes the air of the Republic.

And Webster still lives, and will live in all the future of these United States. His far-seeing statesmanship and all-embracing patriotism is the lesson and the wisdom for this day and hour, as it was for his own day and hour. Only his devoted loyalty to the Constitution and the Union, become once more and for evermore the common creed of all our people, North, South,

East, and West, can bind and keep us one, and make it impossible for this "Government of the people to perish from the earth." The danger which threatened the Union in his day is not now, nor is it ever again likely to become formidable. "Nullification" and "Secession" are obsolete words, having only an historical interest. That centrifugal madness is spent; that dance of death has stopped, and the lights are out. But it is fatal to rush headlong into the central sun as well as from it into outer darkness. In this Republic, so long as it shall endure, and if it endures, it will be the task and test of statesmanship to keep these revolving States in the middle course around their central government. "Medio tutissimus ibis," are the warning words of an ancient poet: they must be the divine commandment of American statesmanship. This middle way, and this alone, leads up to perfect safety, the best liberty, and ever-increasing renown. On this radiant pathway of the Constitution and the Union the towering form of Webster will never fade from the vision of America.

Gentlemen,—the memory of Webster: it will live forever in the glory of his country and in the reverence of mankind. The statesmanship of Webster: it can never lose its power, for only in its spirit can the Republic have hope of immortal life.